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No. 331

BEYOND THE GATE

A Morality Play in Two Acts

BY

IRENE JEAN CRANDALL

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BEYOND THE GATE.

CHARACTERS.

DAY-DREAM.

CORINNA.

IDLENESS.

WORK.

PLEASURE.

JOY.

LOVE.

DISCONTENT.

FAILURE.

Clowns, Poppies, Slug-a-Bed, Sleepy-Head,
Fancies, Child, Harvesters.

ACT I. Any room or any garden: Spring.

ACT II. Scene the same as ACT I. Autumn.

This Morality Play may be given on a stage set as a simple room looking out on to a garden, in a garden with a wall in the background, or out-of-doors. If great simplicity of setting is desired, it may be given with only a background of screens, draperies or tapestries.

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BEYOND THE GATE.

COSTUMES.

CORINNA.—A simple white dress. Pink rose-buds in her hair.

In the second Act she wears the same dress as in Act one, but it is soiled and torn. When she comes in she wears a plain, little cape to protect her from the autumn chill, and throws it off on entering.

DAY-DREAM.—A soft, flowing gown of pale green, the color of hope. It is cut in the Greek fashion and girded just above the waist by a cord of pale rose, silver and gold.

IDLENESS.—A gorgeous suit of motley green and red, with knee breeches and well fitting coat. A jaunty cap.

WORK.—A plain, rough suit of earth-brown, made with knickerbockers and norfolk jacket. A plain cap of brown. His shoes are mud-stained, but his clothes are neat and clean.

PLEASURE.—A gaudy, spangled dress of scarlet and black, made with a short skirt and low neck. She is decked with imitation jewels and there is paint on her cheeks.

JOY.—A soft, clinging gown of sky-blue, cut in the Greek fashion and girded with a silver cord. A fillet around her head, with a silver star on her forehead.

LOVE.—A simple dress of rose color. A wreath of white rose-buds on her head.

DISCONTENT.—A ragged yellow dress. Hair disheveled.

FAILURE.—Shrouded in coarse cloth of ash-gray.

CLOWNS.—White Pierrot costumes with big black spots. Full bloomers, loose blouses with high ruff around the neck and caps.

POPPIES.—Full short skirts and silvery green waists. Caps like red poppies.

SLEEPY-HEAD *and* SLUG-A-BED.—White pajamas.

FANCIES.—Soft, clinging Grecian gown of pale rose. Soft, clinging Grecian gown of silver. Soft, clinging Grecian gown of gold.

Each carries a scarf the same color as her gown.

HARVESTERS.—First girl: Dress of corn yellow. Short skirt.

She carries sheaves of wheat and wears a wreath of wheat on her head.

SECOND GIRL.—Dress of pale green. Short skirt.

She carries a basket of fruit and wears a wreath of grape leaves.

TWO LADS.—Russet brown knickerbockers and white waists. They carry scythes.



NOTE:—If it is desirable to have more take part in the play, the number of Fancies, Harvesters, Clowns and Poppies can be increased. If only a few players are desired the same ones can appear as Fancies, Poppies and Harvesters, with change of costume. The setting and costumes may be very simple and inexpensive or the play may be more elaborately staged, according to circumstances. All the parts may be taken by girls if so desired and rhythmical drills may be substituted for the dances.

I. J. C.

BEYOND THE GATE

ACT I.

SCENE:—*Any room or any garden. Spring. When the curtain rises CORINNA is sitting studying a book. She is a sweet young girl of fifteen or sixteen dressed simply in white with pink rose-buds in her hair. Near her sits DAY-DREAM in pale green, the color of HOPE, and with a faraway look in her eyes. DAY-DREAM is weaving at a small frame or loom. CORINNA straightens up, closes her book with a sigh, and looks wistfully before her.*

CORINNA. Oh, Day-Dream, I want to go out into the world. It was all very well to stay here when I was a little girl, but now that I have grown up I long for something different. (*Wistfully*) The great world is very beautiful, isn't it, Day-Dream?

DAY-DREAM. It is wonderful. It is full of things you have never seen.

CORINNA. (*Petulantly*) Oh, I've seen so little. I have never been anywhere except here. I want to see what lies beyond the window of my own little room, and beyond our gate.

DAY-DREAM. Ah, yes. You want to go even beyond the hills.

CORINNA. (*Eagerly*) Yes—yes,—to see what I shall find. (*Impatiently throwing down the book lying in her lap*) I am tired of learning from stupid school-books. They are so dry. I have had lessons for years and years.

DAY-DREAM. And now you want to learn from life.

CORINNA. Oh, I want to see what life is, and I want to be happy.

DAY-DREAM. Aren't you happy now?

CORINNA. (*With a little pout*) Oh yes, in a quiet, comfortable way, (*Excitedly*) but I want—I want to be happy in a different way—like the birds when they sing as if they would split their throats—like my little dog when he runs across the fields fast as the wind. I want to be like the wild, free things. (*Stretching out her arms.*) I sometimes dream of a garden way out there that is waiting for me to find it.

DAY-DREAM. A beautiful garden with roses always in bloom and where weeds never grow.

CORINNA. (*Surprised*) How did you know, Day-Dream? That is just what I have been thinking.

DAY-DREAM. (*Smiling*) I am never very far from your thoughts, Corinna. And when you have found the garden, you dream that then a young prince will come and find you.

CORINNA. (*Shyly*) Yes, I hope he'll be very handsome—tall and dark and brave—and all the other girls will admire him, too, but—

DAY-DREAM. He will say that you are the most beautiful girl in all the world to him and he will kneel before and lay all his treasures at your feet.

CORINNA. (*Eagerly*) And we shall be very happy playing and singing in the garden, with no hard tasks to do.

DAY-DREAM. And there will be no thorns on the roses, no clouds in the sky.

CORINNA. Why, Day-Dream, you must be very wise to know just what is in my mind and heart.

DAY-DREAM. I have lived near the hearts of all young girls since the world began.

CORINNA. (*Looking at her in surprise*) You don't look as old as that.

DAY-DREAM. I am as old as the garden of Eden and as young as a child's heart.

CORINNA. You are so wise. Perhaps you can tell me how to find my garden.

DAY-DREAM. (*Shaking her head and putting away her weaving*) No, I'm only a weaver of dreams.

CORINNA. (*Starting up*) But I want to start out to-day.

DAY-DREAM. You had better wait a little while, Corinna.

CORINNA. (*Impatiently*) Oh, I cannot stay here in this hum-drum place any longer. The days are passing and I must see the world. I shall soon be old like my grandmother who is content to sit reading and knitting. Then it will be too late to find the garden—or the prince. (*Taking hold of DAY-DREAM'S hand*) Come. Let us go—now.

DAY-DREAM. I can't go with you into the world. You will lose me out there where the people are crowding and pushing each other.

CORINNA. But that's where I want to go—where the crowds of people are. I want to see what they are like, all kinds of folks. I've met so few people and they are nearly all alike, just good, ordinary folks. I want to know all kinds—(*With an awed whisper*) Even the wicked ones. Day-Dream, have you ever met a villain?

DAY-DREAM. No, Corinna, I've never even seen one.

CORINNA. Neither have I. I should so like to meet a truly villain. (*Starting off*) I'm going.

DAY-DREAM. Then you must go without me.

CORINNA. (*Carelessly*) Oh, well, perhaps I shan't miss you when I find so many others. (*Puzzled*) But I don't know which path to take. (*Looking out to R.*) There are two. Now, here's the road

that seems to lead to a lovely place. It is green and soft and winding. It must be an easy way to go. (*Turning to L.*) But right over there is another road that goes straight ahead. Do you see?

DAY-DREAM. Yes, child, that road leads up a steep hill.

CORINNA. I want to see what lies on the other side of the hill, but I'm afraid that I should get very tired going up that road. Which path shall I take?

DAY-DREAM. (*Looking out towards R.*) It is not for me to tell you, but look—look—there is some one coming up the soft, green path. Perhaps he can tell you.

CORINNA. (*Excited, looking out R.*) Oh, I see him. I wonder who he is. Do you think he is coming here? No that can't be. (*Pouting*) Nobody interesting ever comes here.

(*Laughter is heard outside.*)

DAY-DREAM. Listen.

(*They stand listening while the sound of a banjo or guitar is heard and then the words of a rollicking song are wafted in*)

IDLENESS.—(*Outside*)
 Oh, I'm a gay, jolly lad,
 I'm ever idle and glad,
 Come—come. Give me your hand,
 Heigh-ho to Do-Nothing Land.

Come away—come away,
 Come with me and loaf and play,
 Dance and sing the live-long day.
 Come away—come away.

Leave to others stupid work,
 All hard tasks we'll ever shirk.

Good-bye, dull care, good-bye,
To Do-Nothing Land we'll fly.

Come away—come away,
Come with me and loaf and play,
Dance and sing the live-long day.
Come away—come away.

CORINNA. Oh, he is coming here. (*Clapping her hands*) Goody.

(IDLENESS comes in with a careless air. He is a shiftless, untidy lad, gorgeously dressed in motley green and red. He pulls off his cap and makes a low bow.)

IDLENESS. Good-morning, fair maidens.

CORINNA. (*With sweet shyness*) Good-morning, sir.

DAY-DREAM. Won't you sit down and rest?

IDLENESS. (*Laughing*) Rest? Oh, I never work.

CORINNA. Have you come a long way?

IDLENESS. Just from Do-Nothing Land. My name is Idleness.

CORINNA. And mine's Corinna.

IDLENESS. That's a sweet name.

DAY-DREAM. As sweet as rose-buds and Spring. It is a Greek word and means maiden. Every young girl is like as budding flower.

IDLENESS. (*Carelessly*) There are some flowers in Do-Nothing Land, those that grow easily, without care.

CORINNA. (*Eagerly*) Oh, I wish I could see your country. I've never been anywhere but here—in this stupid place.

IDLENESS. Come with me and you will have nothing to do all day long but just what you like.

CORINNA. How lovely! And shall I see the world?

IDLENESS. Well—you'll see some of it—not the high places, of course, because it isn't worth while to climb.

(Sound of merry whistling)

CORINNA. I don't like to climb either, but I should like to look from a hill-top some times.

IDLENESS. Maybe we could go up in a balloon.

CORINNA. Oh, yes, or an aeroplane. What fun!

DAY-DREAM. Listen! Some one outside is whistling.

CORINNA. *(Delighted)* Oh, this is going to be such an exciting day. Come in—Come in.

(WORK enters from L. He is a healthy, stalwart lad, plainly dressed in earth-brown. He looks around with a frank glance and then greets them heartily)

WORK. Good-morning, friends. I was told that a traveller would find a welcome at this house.

CORINNA. *(Eagerly)* Yes, indeed. Mother has gone away for the day, but I am glad to see you, and so is Day-Dream. We seldom have company, but to-day we have another guest.

IDLENESS. *(Stepping up to WORK)* My name's Idleness.

WORK. And mine is Work.

IDLENESS. *(Turning away with contempt)* I've heard of you. You try to make this world a dull place.

WORK. I am trying to make it a happy one. *(Whistles a merry tune)*

IDLENESS. Happy. Hum. I'm the fellow that makes people gay and carefree.

DAY-DREAM. Good-bye, Corinna.

CORINNA. (*Trying to keep her*) Oh, don't go, Day-Dream. I love you. Stay with me.

DAY-DREAM. I cannot. You have reached the parting of the ways. Your Day-Dream cannot go with you. Farewell.

CORINNA. (*Holding out her hands to DAY-DREAM as she leaves*) But you will come back, dear Day-Dream?

DAY-DREAM. Sometimes when you are alone, I will come and sit with you. (*She slips away*)

(CORINNA looks sadly after her.)

IDLENESS. Don't be down-hearted. Come with me, Corinna, and we will have a gay time. You shall do just as you please.

WORK. (*Stepping forward*) No, Corinna, don't go with Idleness. He makes the way seem pleasant, but he will lead you to Discontent and Failure.

IDLENESS. (*Angrily*) What do you know about Discontent and Failure?

WORK. I do not know them as well as you do, but I do know this. I should not like to have them for my companions nor have this sweet young girl meet them.

IDLENESS. Come with me, Corinna, and you shall play all day long or lie on the soft grass and watch the lizards basking in the sun and the butterflies flitting idly to and fro. You shall have no hard tasks in Do-Nothing Land, but only your own sweet will to follow.

WORK. Come with me, Corinna, and pitch in and help. I'm the fellow that builds snug houses and lights snug fires and makes ready against the winter. But I need help. If you or I fail to do our share of work, then some one else must carry a double burden.

CORINNA. (*Turning from one to the other*) Oh, which way shall I turn?

IDLENESS. Pay no attention to that dull fellow. You'll have a hard, dull time if you go with him.

CORINNA. (*Looking at WORK's shoes*) Why, your shoes are covered with mud.

WORK. Yes, because I have been working in the fields.

CORINNA. (*Scornfully*) You look like a farmer.

WORK. I am a farmer sometimes. Is that a disgrace?

CORINNA. (*Hesitates and then pouts*) I suppose not, but (*With an admiring look at IDLENESS*) I like a fine gentleman with stylish clothes and white hands.

WORK. (*Scornfully*) Fine gentleman, indeed. Feel that muscle. (*Holds out his arm to CORINNA who puts her hand on it timidly*) Do you think there's some strength in that arm?

CORINNA. (*Timidly*) Yes.

WORK. That muscle was made by doing something useful. Now feel that lazy fellow's flabby arm.

(CORINNA *puzzled looks from one to the other.*)

IDLENESS. (*Waving his hand gaily and saying in a drizzling tone*) Never mind. I don't go in for athletics. Too much like work for me.

WORK. Of course, Mr. Idleness, but if you and I ever have it out between us, you may wish you had a little more muscle.

CORINNA. (*Looking at WORK with questioning eyes*) Why did you come?

WORK. I came to show you the way to Joy and Love.

CORINNA. How can that be? I think I shall find Joy and Love if I go with Idleness.

WORK. No—no—do not trust him. Real Love and true Joy are never found with Idleness. Follow me. I'm with those who plough the fields and raise the grain. I'm the friend of the woman who

spins and weaves and sews. I'm in the busy factory wheels and I'm with the mother who cares for her little children and makes her home a comfort and a delight.

CORINNA. Oh, it is so hard to see the way. What shall I do?

(Laughing voices outside.)

IDLENESS. Those are my friends outside. I will call them and you will see what gay company you will have if you go with me.

WORK. *(Defiantly)* Yes, call your companions—but call all of them.

IDLENESS. You think I dare not? Very well. *(Goes to R. and calls)* Pleasure—oh, Pleasure, come in.

WORK. Let the others come too.

(CORINNA goes to R. and tries to look out, but IDLENESS prevents her.)

IDLENESS. No—no, do not look.

CORINNA. Yes, let me see. Their voices sound gay, but I want to know how they look.

IDLENESS. *(Holding her back)* No—no. Do not try to know too much. It may spoil your fun. Take things as they come. Do not stop to look or think.

(Voices outside:—I'm coming too. No, you're not wanted. Are you ashamed of me? Stand back and let me go.)

CORINNA. I wonder, I wonder.

IDLENESS. Pleasure is coming now.

(PLEASURE comes in gayly. She is a forward girl gaudily arrayed in a spangled dress in many

colors and wearing imitation jewels. She laughs a mirthless laugh.)

IDLENESS. Yes, here's another companion for you, Pleasure. Tell her of all the good times we shall give her.

PLEASURE. If you come with us you shall do as you please the live long day, wear pretty clothes and do nothing but dance and sing and play.

CORINNA. Never have to learn stupid lessons?

PLEASURE. Oh, no, we never trouble ourselves with such disagreeable things in Do-Nothing Land.

CORINNA. How lovely! (*Looking at PLEASURE with admiration*) I like you Pleasure. I think I'll go with you.

WORK. Her real name is not Pleasure.

(*PLEASURE and IDLENESS start as if taken back.*)

PLEASURE. (*Defiantly*) If my name is not Pleasure, then what is it?

WORK. That Corinna must find out for herself. If you were really Pleasure and not a sham, you would be on my side, for Delight and Joy are found with me. Wait, Corinna, until I call one of my friends to meet you. (*He goes to L. and calls softly*) Joy. (*WORK stands silently at L. waiting for JOY while IDLENESS and PLEASURE chat and laugh and CORINNA admires PLEASURE'S ornaments. JOY comes in quietly and with stately grace. She is a young girl dressed in sky-blue with a silver star on her forehead*) Corinna, this is Joy. I hope she will be your companion on life's journey.

(*CORINNA looks from PLEASURE to JOY and then back to PLEASURE while IDLENESS and WORK watch her intently.*)

CORINNA. Joy is sweet but Pleasure is prettier—and gayer.

IDLENESS. (*Triumphant*) Oh, I knew she'd like Pleasure.

WORK. Yes, but Pleasure's prettiness is only for a day. It will fade. That paint will rub off her cheek and those spangles will tarnish. Look at Joy's eyes. There is a light that will grow brighter with the passing of the years.

Joy. I am not so gay as Pleasure, it is true, but I will walk with you hand-in-hand through sunshine and storm. I'll send a smile to your lips when you are reading a beautiful book, I'll make your eyes glad when you look up at the stars after a busy day. I'll give you delight in the simple flowers of the fields and blue of the sky, I'll make your heart beat faster when you serve those you love.

CORINNA. (*Shaking her head doubtfully*) Is that real happiness?

IDLENESS. (*Laughs mockingly*) No. Come with us and you will have fun and a high good time. It is Spring, the time to play—the time to idle. Every thing is calling you away from study and from work. Don't you hear the birds out there, calling—calling, "Come, Corinna, come?"

WORK. (*Joyously*) Yes, it's Spring, the time to plant and sow that you may reap in the Autumn. Your life is at the Spring. Corinna, don't you feel the call to be a worker, not a drone? Let's be up and doing and share in the labor of the world.

(*The sound of laughing and dancing outside.*)

CORINNA. Who's that?

(IDLENESS *looks troubled and annoyed for a minute.*)

WORK. Perhaps your other companions would like to invite Corinna to go with them. Why don't you let them in?

IDLENESS. (*Goes and looks out R.*) You think I'm afraid to let her see them. Well, I'll show you. (*To those outside*) Come in.

(*In troop two clowns dressed all in white like PIERROTS, two POPPIES in red silky skirts and caps shaped like poppies and two little fellows in pajamas. SLEEPY-HEAD and SLUG-A-BED. IDLENESS holds his sides and laughs, while PLEASURE smiles mockingly. CORINNA is bewildered.*)

IDLENESS. (*Introducing the new comers*) These are for your amusement. My Clowns.

(*The clowns come forward and turn a somersault and go through other antics.*)

IDLENESS.—

Tumble, tumble, tumble,
 Never, never stumble,
 Whirl and twirl, trip and skip,
 And dance with ne'er a slip.
 My merry, merry Clowns
 Banish all stupid frowns
 For play is right jolly
 And work is but folly.

(*The CLOWNS step back.*)

Dance for Corinna and show her what fun she can have in Do-Nothing Land.

(*The new companions join in a dance.*)

PLEASURE. See, Corinna, what playmates you will have, what gay companions. Come with us.

CORINNA. Oh, I want to go with you. I want to be gay, to be happy.

IDLENESS. Come.

CORINNA. (*With one look at WORK*) I wonder, I wonder where Idleness will lead me.

IDLENESS. Into pleasant paths.

WORK. No, Corinna, he is deceiving you. Don't listen to him or you will know bitter regrets. You will never be happy if you go with him. A few days of gayety perhaps and then—disappointment and sorrow.

CORINNA. Oh, that cannot be.

WORK. (*With great earnestness*) Believe, me, Corinna, happiness does not lie down that road. (*CORINNA gives her hands to IDLENESS and PLEASURE*) Wait, wait, Corinna, wait. If you will not go with me and take what I have to offer—wait until to-morrow before you decide.

CORINNA. No, I can't wait. To-day—to-day I want to be free! (*She spreads out her arms as she speaks*)

JOY. (*Wistfully*) Then you do not wish me for your companion?

CORINNA. (*Indifferently*) Oh, you can come along if you like.

JOY. No, I should soon die on the road that you are going.

(*JOY slips quietly away. CORINNA dances gaily with IDLENESS and PLEASURE while the others dance around them. WORK stands sadly at one side watching them.*)

IDLENESS.—

Oh, I'm a gay, jolly lad,

I'm ever idle and glad.

Come—come, give me your hand,

Heigh-ho to Do-Nothing Land.

CLOWNS, POPPIES, etc.—

Come away—come away

Come with us and loaf and play

Dance and sing the live long day
Come away—come away.

IDLENESS.—

Where the drowsy poppies grow
And we never plant or sow,
We'll lie on the grass and sleep
While the busy workers reap.

CLOWNS, POPPIES, etc.—

Come away—come away,
Come with us and loaf and play
Dance and sing the live long day.
Come away—come away.

IDLENESS.—

Leave to others stupid work,
All hard tasks we'll ever skirk.
Good-bye, dull care—good-bye,
To Do-Nothing Land we'll fly.

CLOWNS, POPPIES, etc.—

Come away—come away,
Come with us and loaf and play,
Dance and sing the live long day.
Come away—come away.

(CLOWNS, POPPIES, SLUG-A-BED *and* SLEEPY-HEAD
go off R., *dancing and laughing gaily*. CORINNA
starts to follow with IDLENESS *and* PLEASURE.
WORK *looks after them with sorrow*.)

WORK. Come back, Corinna, come back. To-
day you laugh, but soon you will shed bitter tears.
You do not know what lies in store for you. Come
back.

(Laughter is the only answer.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE:—*The same as ACT I. Autumn.*

(DAY-DREAM *sits weaving while low music is played outside.*)

DAY-DREAM. (*Softly*)
I'm the weaver of day dreams,
Life is never what it seems.
Here's a thread of palest rose—
In a lassie's dream it goes.
Now this silver thread I take
An old man's memories to make.
I must weave for young and old
Threads of silver, rose and gold,
Making fancies, sweet and tender,
For the soul's complete surrender.
While you sit alone and ponder,
I weave fonder dreams and fonder,
Till with longing unfilled
Every human heart is thrilled.

(DAY-DREAM *looks up from her weaving as WORK and LOVE come in. LOVE is a gentle young girl dressed in rich rose, scattering flowers as she goes.*)

WORK. Good-afternoon, Day-Dream. Has Corinna come back?

DAY-DREAM. No, Work. I have been waiting here for her a long, long time. She is still out in the world.

LOVE. (*Impulsively*) I must go and find her. Poor child, she may be suffering.

WORK. That is like you. Love, always wanting to seek the unhappy ones and serve them.

LOVE. That *is* Love—serving and giving. I cannot stay here, doing nothing when our dear Corinna may need a friend.

WORK. (*Shaking his head sadly*) No, we cannot go to her. We can do nothing until she wishes to come home, except keep the gate open.

DAY-DREAM. I am weaving new dreams for her. I fear she will have lost all the old ones she had when she started off with her gay companions.

WORK. Poor, foolish child! I wonder where Idleness has led her. Will she ever come home?

LOVE. I *know* she will. If I cannot go out to seek her, then I will wait for her here, and when she comes she will find Work and Love ready to welcome her.

WORK. (*Briskly*) No, we cannot stay here. We must be up and doing. There are many others that need you, and I am busy. Corinna made her choice.

LOVE. Oh, Work, you are hard. I'm afraid she may be unhappy. No matter how far she has wandered, no matter what mistakes she has made, I would go to her and take her in my arms and bring her to Joy.

WORK. (*Sadly but firmly*) That cannot be. Each one must choose his path and walk in it. She would not listen to me and said I looked like a farmer. She preferred (*Scornfully*) a fine gentleman like the soft-handed Idleness. No indeed, I can't stay here. Good-bye, Day-Dream.

LOVE. (*Going reluctantly*) Oh, Day-Dream, if Corinna comes home send for me. If she comes back disappointed and sorry she will be much in need of Love.

DAY-DREAM. Yes. I shall stay here and weave new dreams for her.

(LOVE and WORK go out L. DAY-DREAM sits weaving. Soft music is played. Three young girls come in rhythmically. One is dressed in pale

rose, another in silver and the third in gold. They carry long scarfs of the same color as their dresses.)

DAY-DREAM. Ah, sweet Fancies, help me weave dreams for those who have lost theirs or worn them thread-bare. There are so many of them we shall need to weave busily to furnish them all with sweet new dreams.

(The FANCIES dance with their scarfs as if weaving a pattern and then slip quietly away. CORINNA comes in from R. sad and tired. Her once pretty dress is soiled and torn and her flowers are faded. She carries weeds in her hands. DAY-DREAM looks up as she comes in.)

DAY-DREAM. Home again, Corinna?

CORINNA. *(Sadly)* Yes, Day-Dream, I'm so tired, so tired. *(Sinks into a chair)* And so disappointed.

DAY-DREAM. Didn't you find your garden?

CORINNA. *(In despair)* There isn't any garden.

DAY-DREAM. You mean you didn't find it.

CORINNA. I went a long way to look for it.

DAY-DREAM. Perhaps you took the wrong road. And the Prince? Did you find him?

CORINNA. *(Shakes her head and looks wistfully before her for a moment)* Everything is so different from what I expected. There are no roses without thorns.

DAY-DREAM. When you went away it was Spring.

CORINNA. And the birds were calling to me, "Come, Corinna, come."

DAY-DREAM. Like all young things you wanted to try your wings.

CORINNA. Yes, and so I went out into the world.

DAY-DREAM. Now it is Autumn.

CORINNA. And the flowers are dying in the fields.

DAY-DREAM. And you have come home—a poor tired bird with a broken wing. Were you not happy in Do-Nothing Land with Idleness and Pleasure?

CORINNA. (*Scornfully*) Happy? No. It was very gay for a little while and I had lots of fun, but soon I was tired of doing nothing and the days dragged along with heavy feet.

DAY-DREAM. Is it not a beautiful country where you have been?

CORINNA. No, indeed—not beautiful. There are no flowers in Do-Nothing Land, because no one will take care of them. (*Holding out the weeds*) There are only these ugly weeds. Why didn't somebody tell me what it was like? (*Reproachfully*) Why didn't *you* tell me?

DAY-DREAM. You would not have believed me then. Work warned you, but you would not listen to him.

CORINNA. Yes, I know.

DAY-DREAM. (*Getting up and looking at CORINNA'S dress*) Why, your pretty dress is soiled and torn.

CORINNA. Yes, everybody is careless in Do-Nothing Land.

(*There is a noise outside.*)

DAY-DREAM. Listen. Some one is coming.

(*CORINNA starts in alarm.*)

CORINNA. I'm afraid it's Discontent. She follows me everywhere, she's like my shadow. (*Enter DISCONTENT, a petulant, sulky girl in ragged yellow. She goes over to CORINNA and stands silent and sullen. Drawing away from her*) Oh, why did you follow me here? Can I never get away from you?

DISCONTENT. I always stay with those whose hands are idle and whose hearts are empty.

CORINNA. (*Impatiently stamping her foot*) Go away, I don't want you. I hate you.

DISCONTENT. (*Sulkily*) Impatience and Hate will never drive me away. They are friends of mine.

CORINNA. Oh, why do you follow me?

DISCONTENT. Because you are always wanting what you can't have—like lots of other folks I know. (*Looking around*) What an ugly place this is.

DAY-DREAM. I think it is lovely. In my eyes it is beautiful because it is home.

DISCONTENT. Hum. I don't see anything lovely about it. I know people who have much finer homes. Don't you wish you could live in a handsome, big house, Corinna?

CORINNA. (*Petulantly*) Oh, I wish everything were different. I don't know what I want.

DISCONTENT. Look at your dress, Corinna. It's a sight. If you could only have a pretty, spangled dress like Pleasure—

CORINNA. Oh, I haven't anything I want.

(DISCONTENT *sits down silent, immovable and sullen.* DAY-DREAM *goes back to her weaving.*

CORINNA *throws herself down at DAY-DREAM'S feet, puts her head in her lap and sobs.*)

CORINNA. I'm so unhappy, Day-Dream.

(DAY-DREAM *puts her hand gently on her head and strokes her hair.*)

DAY-DREAM. Don't cry, Corinna. I know that you have lost all your sweet dreams, but I am weaving new ones for you—fairer than the old ones.

CORINNA. I shall never have any more dreams.

DAY-DREAM. Yes, you will, dear. I never tire of weaving them. Often a young girl loses her first

dreams and it is well, because these girlish fancies are sometimes made of poor, unreal stuff that will not wear and stand the strain of life. You see I have to use the material that is furnished me. I weave the best dreams I can out of the thoughts people bring me, but if the threads are poor and weak, the dream soon falls to pieces. It is so with your dream of idleness in a garden and a prince with treasures. That was woven of unreal threads and so it has fallen to pieces. But now you will bring stronger, truer threads to my loom and your new dream will be better than the old one.

CORINNA. (*Looking up*) But I am so disappointed. Why did I go with Idleness?

DAY-DREAM. Because you were like most girls—you wanted to go the easy way.

CORINNA. Yes, I wanted to do as I pleased. Idleness deceived me. For a few days we had a jolly time along the road, then we came to Do-Nothing Land. We danced and sang and laughed at each other. I tore my dress, but no one would help me to mend it, they only laughed. I hurt my foot and fell on the ground, but they thought it was a joke and laughed at me as I lay there in pain. They are all heartless. If you cannot be gay and make fun for them they care nothing for you.

DAY-DREAM. Poor Corinna.

CORINNA. I wish I had listened to Work.

DAY-DREAM. Perhaps he will come back.

CORINNA. (*Sadly*) It is too late.

DAY-DREAM. Listen, I hear footsteps.

(CORINNA *jumps up*. IDLENESS *comes in from R. gay as ever, but more careless and untidy.*)

IDLENESS. So I've found you at last. Why did you run away from Do-Nothing Land?

CORINNA. Because I was unhappy.

IDLENESS. (*Laughing*) Silly. That's because

you stopped to think. Come on. We're going back.

(CORINNA *shrinks from him in terror.*)

CORINNA. No, I don't want to go with you.

IDLENESS. Why not?

CORINNA. Because I'm tired of that lazy, selfish, useless life?

IDLENESS. (*Sarcastically*) It is not so very long ago that you were crazy about that (*Drawling*) lazy life.

CORINNA. (*Sadly*) I have learned some hard lessons since then.

IDLENESS. Nonsense. It's foolish to learn lessons. Come on.

CORINNA. No—No.

IDLENESS. (*Taking hold of her hands*) Yes, you must come. You choose to go with me and now you are unfitted for any life except with Idleness and Pleasure. Don't look so frightened. Didn't we give you a good time? Didn't my clowns make merry for you? Didn't you like my gay companions?

CORINNA. They are not all gay. (*Pointing to the sulky figure*) There is Discontent.

(IDLENESS *turns and sees* DISCONTENT.)

IDLENESS. (*Surprised and impatient*) You here, Discontent? Why didn't you keep out of sight as I told you?

DISCONTENT. I go where hands are idle and hearts are empty.

IDLENESS. It was you that made Corinna run away from Do-Nothing Land, and now you have followed her here.

DISCONTENT. I'm sure I'm not here because I want to be. I never can go any where that I would like to go. And I think you treat me very shabbily. You are ashamed to own me as your sister.

CORINNA. I made a great mistake, but surely it is not too late for me to try again.

FAILURE. Too late.

DISCONTENT. Everything's against you. You have no chance.

FAILURE. Give up trying.

CORINNA. (*Bracing up*) No, I will not. Day-Dream has told me that she would weave new dreams for me. You will, won't you Day-Dream?

DAY-DREAM. Yes, Corinna, do not lose heart.

CORINNA. And Work told me of a life that was different from yours. I'll find Work.

IDLENESS. (*Laughing*) Find Work. That old stupid.

FAILURE. You won't like it with that dull fellow. You'll find life with him very disagreeable.

IDLENESS. And that's no joke. You had better come back with us.

CORINNA. No, I don't want to go with you.

(*IDLENESS laughs and beckons to DISCONTENT and FAILURE. They go to him and then all three join hands and take hold of CORINNA.*)

CORINNA. (*Calling loudly*) Work—Work—I want you. Work, help me.

DAY-DREAM. (*Going to L. and calling*) Love—Love, she needs you.

IDLENESS. (*Mockingly*)

My girl, you belong to us,
Come you must without a fuss.
Come—come, willy-nilly,
Don't draw back, little silly.

(*WORK and LOVE come rushing in.*)

WORK. Did you call me, Corinna?

CORINNA. Yes, save me from Idleness.

WORK. (*To IDLENESS*) Stand back.

IDLENESS. If it were not for you, Corinna would not have tired of Do-Nothing Land. I did not want her to meet you.

DISCONTENT. (*Going towards IDLENESS*) She will be lucky if she does not meet our other sister too.

IDLENESS. (*Disturbed*) Don't speak of her.

DISCONTENT. As we came along the road, she was following us. Corinna did not see her, but she was not far behind us.

DAY-DREAM. Who is this sister of yours?

DISCONTENT. You don't know her, Day-Dream. She doesn't belong to your world, but she's like me, she follows those whose hands are without work and whose hearts are without love. (*Looking out r.*) She's coming up the path now.

IDLENESS. (*Trying to prevent some one from coming in*) Go away. You're not wanted here.

(*In spite of his efforts a grim figure comes silently in. The solemn figure is wrapped in coarse grey cloth the color of ashes and her head is bowed. CORINNA sinks back in dismay.*)

CORINNA. (*To the grim figure*) Who are you?

FAILURE. (*In a hollow voice*) I am Failure.

CORINNA. Oh, I don't want to know you.

FAILURE. I come to those who will not work, who seek the easy road and think to have their own way. Life is a failure. There is nothing worth while.

CORINNA. (*In despair*) I can't bear this.

FAILURE. Those who go the way of Idleness will find failure at the end of the road.

IDLENESS. Come, Corinna, we're waiting for you. You must go back with us.

CORINNA. (*Drawing back*) No.

FAILURE. You can never do anything worth while. It is useless to try.

(DISCONTENT *and* FAILURE *reluctantly withdraw,*
but IDLENESS *tries to defy* WORK.)

IDLENESS. What right have you to interfere?

WORK. The right of a friend to protect a girl.

IDLENESS. She gave you marching orders once. She chose me, not you.

WORK. Yes, but she has called me to help her. She needs me now.

CORINNA. Yes, I need you—so much.

WORK. (*To* IDLENESS) Stand back. You cannot compel her to go with you. She is free. (*IDLENESS retreats before* WORK)

CORINNA. (*Gratefully*) Oh, Work, I'm so glad you've come. You're so strong.

WORK. (*Laughing*) This is the time when the farmer's muscle helps out, isn't it?

CORINNA. Yes—yes. I don't want to spend another day with Idleness.

WORK. (*Sternly*) But you chose to follow him. You went that way of your own free will.

CORINNA. (*Sadly*) I know—I know. Help me to be free from him.

WORK. You must help yourself.

LOVE. Don't be harsh, Work. (*With tenderness*) The poor child is unhappy.

CORINNA. (*Looking wistfully at* LOVE) You are so gentle. I think you must be Love.

LOVE. That is what my friends call me.

CORINNA. I looked and looked for you in Do-Nothing Land, but I didn't find you there.

LOVE. No, I have never been there, but there are those in that country whom some falsely call by the name of Love. I dwell in the Land of Industry and Service.

CORINNA. (*Pleading*) Oh, Love, let me go with you.

LOVE. Are you willing to banish selfishness from your heart?

CORINNA. (*Humbly*) I will try.

LOVE. Are you willing to give and to serve?

CORINNA. (*Eagerly*) Yes, Love, yes.

LOVE. Then ask Work to teach you and I will walk by your side.

CORINNA. (*Turning to WORK*) Work, I would not listen to you before. I thought the life with Idleness would be easier and pleasanter, but I made a great mistake. Is it too late to go the other way?

WORK. Not if you are willing to learn. (*Going to L.*) Do you see that hill out there?

CORINNA. Yes, I have often wanted to stand on the top and look around, but I thought it was too hard to climb.

WORK. We can never reach the top without climbing.

IDLENESS. How about a balloon?

WORK. You are liable to come down faster than you went up. No, the only safe way is to climb. That is called the Hill of Difficulty. It is steep and hard to climb, but there is a beautiful view from the top. If you go with me, you will have to go up that hill. Are you willing to climb?

CORINNA. (*Who has been looking out L., suddenly exclaims*) Oh, there's a little child out there. See, he has fallen. He needs somebody to help him. (*She rushes out*)

LOVE. She has started on the right path.

IDLENESS. Foolish girl to put herself out for some one else.

DISCONTENT. She will probably get her feet muddy and wish she had not gone.

FAILURE. It won't do any good any way. It's useless to try to help people.

(CORINNA comes in carrying a little child in her arms. She puts the child on a chair and bends over him)

CORINNA. (*To child with tenderness*) Now, you

are all right, dear. I will take care of you. (*Brushes dirt off the child's dress*) There, I'll make your dress all pretty again. Oh, dear, it's torn. Well I'll mend it for you. (*Turning to WORK*) Forgive me Work, for rushing off when you were telling me how I might learn to be one of your followers.

WORK. You have found the way, Corinna: Love has taught you to serve and the path of service leads to my country.

(*LOVE goes and kisses CORINNA on the forehead*)

WORK. Now you are ready to go with me, and Love and Joy will be your companions.

(*As WORK speaks JOY's name she comes in radiant.*

CORINNA welcomes her with outstretched arms.)

CORINNA. Oh, Joy, I didn't know you were so beautiful. Forgive me for saying Pleasure was prettier. She's not so lovely as you.

(*PLEASURE come in with careless air.*)

IDLENESS. Here is Pleasure now, Corinna, to call you back to Do-Nothing Land before your foolish notions have led you too far in the other direction.

PLEASURE. Yes, Corinna, come on and have a jolly time and forget stupid Work and his companions.

(*CORINNA looks at PLEASURE for a moment in silence and with surprise.*)

CORINNA. Why, you look different to me now. You are not pretty or happy-looking. I don't believe that you are Pleasure at all. You are only pretending to be Pleasure.

PLEASURE. (*With a mocking laugh*) If I am not Pleasure, then who am I?

CORINNA. (*Bewildered*) I don't know what to call you, but I know that you are not real. Work, what is her real name?

WORK. Folly.

PLEASURE. Oh, so that's what you call me, is it? Well, what of it, if I am Folly? I never lack for followers. I have plenty of company, but your eyes are too sharp. I will go to those who still look upon me as Pleasure. (*With a toss of her head*) I bid you adieu. (*She goes out R.*)

JOY. (*To CORINNA*) I have been waiting a long time to come to you, but I had to stay away until you had made your heart ready for me. There are so many that do not know that I am waiting for the chance to make their hearts glad.

CORINNA. Yes, like foolish me, they go far from home to seek you where there are only selfish pleasures and silly amusements and then come back at last to find you with Work and Love.

JOY. (*To the audience*) Are there any here who have sought for me and failed to find me? If so, I am waiting to come to you. Open your eyes. I am here. Make room in your hearts for joy.

(IDLENESS, DISCONTENT and FAILURE have been gradually withdrawing.)

FAILURE. Failure cannot stay where Work and Joy are at home. I will follow you no longer, Corinna. (*Goes out R.*)

DISCONTENT. I go to sit at other firesides, where hands are idle and hearts are empty. (*Goes out R.*)

IDLENESS. (*Laughing defiantly*) So, Work, you think you have won another young girl away from me. It's a dull life she'll have, but if she likes it she's welcome to go.

WORK. We may meet again when some other young girl is dreaming of the future and ready to start out in life.

IDLENESS. (*Defiantly*) And you'll see who'll win next time.

WORK. I'll win whenever the girl has clear eyes to see you as you are and know the true worth of things.

Leave to others stupid Work,
 All hard tasks we'll ever shirk.
 Good-bye, dull care, good-bye,
 To Do-Nothing Land we'll fly.

(*He goes out R.*)

CORINNA. I'm glad he's gone—lazy thing. I was afraid I'd never get away from him. Thank goodness, Work, you came just in time to rescue me.

WORK. Like the Prince in the fairy tale?

CORINNA. Yes, but you came in disguise and I did not know you for my Prince.

WORK. And so you would not go with me.

CORINNA. Not at first. (*With a radiant smile*)
 But now I'm happy as a lark.

WORK. And we'll go singing on our way together.

DAY-DREAM. I have woven new dreams for you.

WORK. And we'll make those dreams come true.

JOY. I bring you gifts without price—joys that money cannot buy.

WORK. Yes, Corinna will see that work's the best kind of fun if we only like it and do it heartily. Now I will call the companions that will go with us on life's journey. (*While soft music is played in come the HARVESTERS. One girl in corn yellow carries sheaves of wheat and wears a wreath of wheat on her head. Another girl in pale green carries a basket of fruit and wears a wreath of grape leaves. Two lads dressed in russet brown carry scythes.*) These are the happy workers.

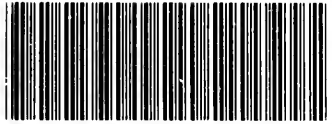
(*The HARVESTERS join in a dance while the others group themselves naturally on either side of the stage.*).

IDLENESS.—

CURTAIN.



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